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2021

## PRIZE RING PUGS.

Appearance of Pugilists Before and After Fighting.

The Victor Becomes a Lion and the Vanquished Is Left to Suffer in Melancholy Silence—Before and After the Battle.

Muffled to the ears in a dark-blue sweater the heavyweight sat in his dressing-room. A couple of furrows, denoting concentrated thought, appeared in the narrow space between his eyebrows and hair. He was about to enter the ring and expose his chin to the deadly knock-out blow. Near this magnificent human brute hovered his trainer, also attired in a sweater, and keenly alert to every move and sound. The suave gentleman in the role of financial backer, who manipulates the gate receipts, was also there, trying to appear gay and debonaire, but palpably anxious. At the bolted door stood a fawning tin-horn sport without a penny in his pocket, but with a good prospect of fending a couple of dollars if things went right. He knew the heavyweight from having seen his picture in the pink periodicals and worshiped him accordingly.

The dressing-room contained little beside the heavyweight and his friends. In one corner was a wide cot of rough boards hastily knocked together, on which the pugilist reclined, thinking that he thought. On a table opposite stood a number of bottles containing whisky, alcohol and liniments. There were also a sponge, some fans and towels, and under the table a tub of ice.

Outside could be heard the roar of the rabble at six dollars per head, enjoying the preliminary bout as seen through the murky haze of tobacco smoke. The event of the evening—the meeting of the heavyweights—was next on the programme. A favored few gained admittance to the dressing-rooms, for there were two or three retreats. Substantial-looking men in cheese-colored overcoats and diamonds in shade or two lighter crowded in to shake the hand of the thumper on whom they had staked their money, and to whisper a word of encouragement in his ear. Some who were not sports, but had friends in that line, gazed awestricken at the reclining gladiator and his array of fighting paraphernalia.

Having exhausted his oratory in making the match, the heavyweight had nothing to say, and those who did give vent to words spoke in subdued whispers. It was a painfully solemn and impressive occasion. Now and then the trainer, lest he be overlooked in the shadow of the stellar attraction, slipped a bit of court plaster with which he tenderly dressed an imaginary scratch on the prickled paws of his employer.

Eventually the battle takes place, and at the end of an hour the heavyweights are back in their rooms. The winner is now the most voluble of the excited throng which crowds the small apartment to the door. He recapitulates every blow given and taken during the fight, and points out on the chin of the backer the exact spot on which he landed the final punch. Everybody is deliciously happy, for they have won money, and call the backer familiarly by his first name. That astute individual is effusively solicitous for the welfare of his trained animal, and presses upon him a drink of brandy from a very small and curiously wrought bottle. The shape of the flask creates the impression that the liquor is of a superior quality, distilled expressly for winning pugs.

He is slow about dressing himself, is the victor, for the red welts and gouges in his neck, breast and arms enhance his popularity 100 per cent. But he affects not to notice these wounds and chats gayly about how he knew that tub wouldn't be in it with him, etc. They all finally depart, however, with the gate receipts, and spend the night drinking champagne.

Across in the other dressing-room the dub sits blinking dizzily at vacancy. He shakes so that the trainer

is unable to dress the fallen idol. There is no one present but the trainer and a couple of poor but loyal friends who had nothing to stake on the result. Even the backer has retired in disgust, and the hisses of the sports who supported the loser before the fight, and who followed him as he was dragged limp and beaten from the ring, still sound in the purple ears of the vanquished man. His stomach has been hammered back and welded to his spine, his nose broken and swollen and every bone and muscle in his pain-racked body aches.

In melancholy silence, disturbed only by the intermittent groans of the pugilistic ruin, his trainer rubs him down with camphor and arnica, occasionally pouring something from a black bottle into the throat of the sufferer. He still trembles like a man with palsy and is too weak and wobbly to stand without support.

After an hour of grooming the victim of misplaced money, sodden with drink, is squeezed into his clothes, then bundled into a hack and spirited away through side streets and alleys to the oblivion of a Hamman bath. He is simply a whipped dog, with no more credit or standing than the bull pup chewed to finish in the regular pit. The other fellow is honored by the interviewers and his remarks are wired to every portion of the civilized world. Later on he opens a saloon and becomes a power in politics.—N. Y. Journal.

## DOG OF THE IRON MASK.

Although Only an Aristocratic Statue It Deceived the Street Mongrel.

A relative who lives in one of the one-time fashionable mansions now become students' boarding houses, in the south end, tells me a pretty good story of a dog, says a reporter for the Boston Post. In the yard, where a fountain was once known to play, but where now dust gathers, is an iron statue of a dog. The iron dog watches and guards the old fountain, but he in his turn has an admirer and adorer. The other day, hunting for another dog to go out and play tag with him, came a young street mongrel. He was unaccustomed to the ways of aristocracy, and in his simple ignorance supposed that anything that looked like a dog was a dog.

Up to the statue he bounded barking and wagging his tail. In stately immobility the iron dog gazed on out into vacancy. This did not deceive the other. He had seen plenty of dogs assume just that haughty and abstracted manner when they did not care to fight. Wishing to show his iron friend that he appreciated his attitude, but assuring him of no evil intention, the dog from the street kept on barking and wagging his tail. He even ran around his friend a number of times to show that there was no ill-will—as is the manner of dogs. But the dog of the iron mask did not budge. My relative says that he is sure that even if the street dog had brought around a cat to chase the iron dog would have remained unmoved. A red Irish setter came out finally and called the street dog away. The latter went with distinct traces of reluctance in his manner. He liked the style of that iron dog and had rather play in his yard with him.

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## Legal Notice.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT IN AND FOR UTAH COUNTY, STATE OF UTAH.

In the Matter of Estate of Henry Goodey deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Robert Gilchrist and George Webb, executors of the estate of Henry Goodey deceased, has rendered for settlement and filed in said Court their final account of their administration of said estate and petition for a Decree of Distribution of the residue of said estate. And that Saturday, the 30th day of October A. D. 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Court Room of said Court, in the County Court House, Provo City, Utah County, State of Utah, has been duly appointed by the Judge of said Court for the settlement of said account, and hearing said petition for distribution as aforesaid, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and show cause, if any there be, why said account should not be approved and distribution made of said estate as prayed for.

Dated Sept. 23rd, 1897.

GEO. HAYERCAMP,  
Clerk of the District Court, Utah County, Utah.

By A. V. ROBINSON,  
Deputy.



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